

# COLLEGE CHEER.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. X.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1917.

NO. 2.

## C. L. S. GIVES FIRST PUBLIC PROGRAM.

C. L. S. Presents Excellent Program.

New President Gives Inaugural Address.

Entire Program Well Taken by the Students.

The Farce a Real Hit.

Columbus day was ushered in at St. Joe by a program that is a credit to the Columbian Literary Society. All the participants did exceptionally well and it was easily seen that they had all worked very hard on their parts. The program was as follows:

1. Selection from the "Daughter of the Regiment" by Donizzetti ..... Orchestra.
2. Introductory Remarks ..... H. Friedel.
3. Inaugural Address, "America and its Patriotism" ..... Leo Vogt.
4. Dialogue "Variety" ..... Joseph Hiller and Joseph Duenser.
5. Overture "Ideal" by Hayes ..... Orchestra.
6. Debate, Resolved, That Colonies are more detrimental to a country than advantageous.  
Affirmative ..... Gilbert Esser.  
Negative ..... Sylvester Ley.
7. Marche "Cux Flambeaux" by Scott, Orchestra.
8. Farce "The Awkward Squad".

Cast of Characters:

Lieutenant Mustard ..... Gregory Miller  
Sergeant Drill ..... James Hogan  
Cyrus Green ..... William Luley  
Hans Anheuser Pilsener Wuertzenburger Hofbrau Jr. .... Carl Goeckeler  
Percy Harold Hooper Hooper 2nd.....Hugh Striff  
Michael O'Shaunessy ..... William Wigmore  
Bolter, a valet ..... Leonard Deininger

The farce especially furnished much amusement for the students and the professors. All the members of the Squad played their parts in a skillful manner, each one receiving almost an equal amount of applause. The make-ups of the various characters caused much laughter. Greg. Miller with his military bearing surprised us. G. Esser and John Raycroft deserve a word of praise for the ingenuity shown in preparing the apparatus used in the farce. It proved a surprise to the students and livened up the farce very much. Rev. Rapp is to be congratulated on the wonderful success of the first program.

Movies at College.

On September 23rd and October 7th, the students assembled in the Alumni Hall to see the Movies. On both occasions the students left, well pleased with the program. The shows are lengthy and well adapted to the tastes of the students. We hope that these movies will continue and that the high standard shown thus far will be kept up.

How about This?

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of cussedness? He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. When he is little the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is a crook. If he is prosperous, everybody wants to do him a favor; if he needs credit, they hand him a lemon. If he is in politics, it is for graft; if out of politics, he is no good to his country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a tightwad; if he does, it's for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a heathen. If he is affectionate, he is a soft mark; if he cares for no one, he is coldblooded. If he dies young, there was a great future for him. If he lives to an old age, he missed his calling. If you don't fight, you're yellow; if you do you're a brute. If you save your money, you're a grouch; if you spend it, you're a loafer; if you get it, you're a grafter, and if you don't get it, you're a bum.

SO WHAT'S THE USE!

Notice to Subscribers.

Many of our subscribers have not as yet paid for their subscription. We have given the students a special price of seventy cents if paid before November the fifteenth. Those who do not take advantage of this special offer, will be charged the regular price of ninety cents. Pay your subscription to James Hogan.

Opening of Foot-ball at St. Joe.

Next Sunday, October 14th, St. Joe will have its formal opening of the foot-ball season.

Corby Hall of Notre Dame has been secured for this day and the game promises to be an interesting one. The Corby Hall team has a higher rating than the Walsh Hall, Notre Dame, which defeated St. Joe last year; but with the St. Joe team going at its present clip, there will be a real game until the timekeeper calls the halt. Game will be called at 3:00.



# ATHLETICS.

## St. X. 20 — All Stars 12.

In another game that had some resemblance to a base ball game, St. Xaviers defeated the All Stars. Wellman received very poor support, and does not deserve a defeat to his credit. The only redeeming feature of the game was the pitching of "Sambo" Dunn. In the ninth inning Dunn pitched for the All Stars while Hogan did the receiving. Dunn struck out two and Hogan caught one stealing second.

Batteries: St. X., Luley, Tkack, Friedel;  
All Stars, Wellman, Dunn, — Antl  
and Hogan.

## Varsity 30 — Scrubs 0.

In a football game that turned out to be far more interesting than was expected, the Scrubs managed to hold the Varsity to a small score of 30 to 0, which was doing something considering both lineups, and the fact that it was the first game. It was a clean game throughout and only one penalty was given, Dolohery being off side.

### Line Up.

Varsity		Scrubs
Hunt	R. End	Hessian
Dolohery	Tackle	Dunn G.
Heron	Guard	Vetter
Miller	Center	Lang
Dunn M.	Guard	Kampsen
Bomholt	Tackle	O'Daniels
Tremel	L. End	Coleman
O'Brien	Quarter	Manley
Vonder Haar	R. Half	Matthews
Lause	L. Half	Antl
Wellman	Full Back	Cadle

Substitution — Cunningham for Hession.

### Appointments.

The A. A. Board has made the following appointments for the year 1917-18:

Score Keeper — L. Antl;  
Asst. Score Keeper — Not yet appointed  
Time Keeper — J. Hogan;  
Asst. Time Keepers — G. Ryan, C. Hession.  
Head Linesman — J. Dalton;  
Asst. Linesmen — W. Wigmore, B. Lear;  
Junior Basket Ball Manager — J. Howard.

### The Purple and Red.

You may talk of your dear ones, of spots that you love;  
Or of things setting heart's love aglow;  
But no matter how sweet  
Is the memory you keep,  
It can't meet what we feel for St. Joe.  
We cheer for the courage, the spirit of might,  
When we cheer our boys 'gainst the foe.  
So hip, hip, hooray!  
May St. Joe always stay  
Just as high as her flag overhead.  
And the top of the heap  
Is the place we will keep  
For St. Joe, the purple and red.

H. S.

### To the Team.

Did you ever have a dream so wild,  
— so vivid and so true  
It made you sit upright in bed  
— before you really knew  
That it was night and you were home,  
— and should be fast asleep.  
Well, I had a dream last night.  
— It is too good to keep.

I dreamt that I was on the field  
— and cheering with the rest,  
As our boys labored with the foe  
— to see which was the best.  
I saw Fritz Wellman pacing fast  
— and watching every play,  
And old John Hunt as he plunged  
— and helped to save the day.

Joe Tremel got the ball and then  
— there was an awful spill,  
As Miller tackled the enemy  
— and one man got his fill  
Of St. Joe's football team — right here  
— O'Brien rushed in, and say,  
If you ever saw a fighter born  
— you should see that boy play.

The ball was on their ten yard line  
— and it was our fourth down,  
Pete grabbed the ball — a touchdown made  
— and say, the awful sound  
When Jakey Holthouse led the bunch  
— to cheer for our first score,  
Would make a listener wonder  
— if our throats wern't always sore.  
Vonderhaar grabbed the pigskin next,  
— powerful interference  
Made our second touchdown  
— and an awful clearance  
Of several other fellows  
— who couldn't stand the pace  
That Parker's boys had set for them  
— to win that snappy race.

And so my dream continued  
— till every foe had gone,  
And night time was afleeing,  
— it must have been near dawn.  
A wild and thrilling cheer and then  
— my heart just skipped a beat  
I threw back all my covers,  
— and stood upon my feet.

A stifling darkness greeted me  
— a mighty chilly breeze —  
A sudden longing for a coat,  
— so that I wouldn't freeze.  
A sickening thought then struck me  
— the thing was all a dream  
Just a repetition  
— of the many games I've seen.

Now Saint Joe's got the football team  
— and we must have the pep  
To cheer them as they win new wreathes  
— on every forward step.  
So I propose a toast to them  
— Here's to every man,  
And we'll fling a challenge  
— Now just beat them, if you can.



## COLLEGE CHEER.

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ALBERT SCHEINER, Asst. Associate Editor  
JAMES HOGAN, Treasurer and Manager

### Address

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,  
Collegeville, Indiana.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1917.

## EDITORIALS.

### Our Pay Envelopes.

It has been asked whether being on the honor role is really worth while. Has it ever occurred to the students of St. Joe that their grades correspond to their pay envelopes of the future? The difference in the reports of various students represents, in most cases, the difference in their pay envelopes in time to come. A man working in a factory is paid for exactly the amount of work he has done. This same principle is applied here at St Joe. The grades we receive in school, almost without exception, represent the amount of work we do. Our rating is figured on the piecework plan, although some of us insist we are rated on the day work system, our daily class recitations being all that is necessary to carry us through. Still others seem bound and determined to follow the argument that the monthly salary system is employed, which argument is about as far from being correct as any can be. When a person gets out into the world he wants his pay envelope to contain as much as possible. Why shouldn't it be the same at school? Why not make the best of our opportunities? Why not make the best grades possible in an honest manner? Why isn't a good report worth while?

### True Patriotism.

It is a common notion that patriotism consists in outward display, in the showy pomp and boastful clamor which mark the celebration of our national holidays. Thus many people believe that when they have waved the flag, displayed so many yards of bunting, exploded so many firecrackers and wasted so much breath in the boastful assertions of their country's greatness they have given an exhibition of true patriotism, and performed their full duties as patriotic citizens. Unfortunately it would seem this is too often the case, but if we wish to find the true patriot we must go, not to the man who is flaunting forth the external evidences of patriotism, but rather to the quiet man who is simply doing his duty unconscious of the world's applause. So real patriotism

does not consist of outward show. It consists rather in a deep and abiding love for one's country which deems no sacrifice too great or no duty too small if it will but contribute to his country's welfare. It is, however, not enough to love and revere one's country. To live in a land worthy of such love is a privilege, and as all privileges incur responsibilities, it is only natural that the citizen must pay for his privileges by accepting responsibilities.

Today the responsibilities of an American are perhaps the greatest in the history of our nation. The President may need thousands of men to bring the war to a successful close. We ask the men of St. Joe to think over carefully the duties which they may be called upon to perform. Men of St. Joe, you who have conquered on the athletic field, you who have carried the name of St. Joe to heights unknown in the baseball world, you who by your faithful efforts in the classroom and student organization have carved for your school a name among the greatest, if your country calls will you give heed? Will you answer her with that same spirit which has characterized your replies of old?

Uncle Sam, you can depend on every boy in St. Joseph's if you need him.

### SAMMY'S TOAST.

Quaff, oh quaff  
The ruby cup.  
Raise it high  
Unto the sky;  
Tomorrow, friends  
We all must die!

ies gladly die  
To slumber soft  
In Freedom's arms.  
For France we die!  
Come, quaff it, drink  
It merrily.

Why tremble, man?  
'Tis only blood;  
We pledged our lives  
To France's good.  
Quaff it, quaff it, drink it, man,  
Tomorrow, we shall die!

### A Love Scene.

They were sitting side by side,  
And she sighed and then he sighed;  
Said he, "My darling idol,"  
And he idled and then she idled;  
"You are creation's belle,"  
And she bellowed and then he bellowed;  
"On my soul there's such a weight,"  
And he waited and then she waited;  
"Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown,"  
And he groaned and then she groaned;  
"You shall have a private gig,"  
And she giggled and then he giggled;  
Said she, "My dearest Luke,"  
And he looked and then she looked;  
"Shan't we?" And they shantied;  
"I'll have thee if thou wilt,"  
And he wilted and then she wilted.

E. L.





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## SOCIETY NOTES.

### C. L. S.

On September the 30th the C. L. S. held the second meeting of the school year. At this meeting the new officers were installed and a class of some thirty six new members was admitted. President Vogt on this occasion appointed the auditing committee which will consist of Hugh Striff, Louis Reith and Gilbert Esser. After the business of the society had been completed, Hon. E. P. Honan commenced the first Parliamentary Law Class of the year. Due to some of the answers given to Mr. Honan's questions, the class proved to be a very pleasant one.

### H. N. S.

Last Sunday afternoon the new members of the Holy Name Society were admitted by taking the solemn Holy Name Pledge. About ninety entered the society on this occasion and the outlook for the society this year is bright. After the new members had taken the pledge, Holy Name badges were distributed. Then Rev. Kuhnmuensch, the director, addressed them with a few well chosen words. The meeting closed with prayer.

### N. L. S.

On Sunday morning the members of the Newman Club again met. On this occasion the new officers were appointed for the first session. After the officers were appointed the director, Fr. Maurice, addressed the members concerning their society and called for volunteers for the private program to be held October the 28th.

The new officers are:

Pres. F. Wellman;

V. Pres. A. Durr;

Sec. C. Holthouse;

Treas. C. Schmitz;

Critic, L. Pursley;

Marshall, R. Cadle;

Executive Committee, Goettemoeller, Cowl, and Tkack.

## The Altar Society.

The Altar Society held a short meeting Saturday evening, October the 6th. The main purpose of this meeting was the admission of new members into the society. After the new members had been admitted, the Moderator gave the altar boys a little talk on timely topics, whereupon the meeting adjourned.

### R. J. S. C.

The Smoking Club held a special meeting after dinner, Wednesday, to arrange for the rental of a piano for the use of the club. A committee consisting of M. Lause, J. Tremel, and W. Wigmore was appointed by the President to rent the piano. After several new members had been voted into the society, the meeting adjourned.

## Question Box.

How is hash made? Hank Koch.

Ans. It isn't made, Hank, it is accumulated.

When was the automobile first mentioned in the Bible? Howard.

Ans. When Elijah went to heaven on high.

Where do the pieces go when the day breaks? MacCormick.

Ans. Well, Mack, the same place your lap goes when you stand up.

Why does Dowling talk so much? MacMahon.

Ans. A paper of pins may give you a few points concerning this matter.

What is the future of 'tomato'?

Ans. It's simple, Urban, 'Catsup'.

Why do all students like hash? Recker.

Ans. All do not like it. The Seniors are wise men.

Cheer up, there's a lump of sugar for every lemon.



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## A Letter from a Friend.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Oktober twict, '17.

Deer Edditer:

I was reading in the paper t'other night that more'n fifty Germans was blowed into attics by the explosion of a bum in the naberhood of Verrdoon. Now that reely seems to be a good reason why our preperation should ceese to wunce. How in the dickens can Germany hold out any longer when she looses men like that? Why, if the explosion of one bum can wipe out of existence fifty of the enemy, why, I repeat, dont Uncle Sam sell send all the darn bums in the country over there and blow 'em up? Up in our town there is more bums than the jail can take ceer of and in my estimate it would be a darn good riddance to ship em all to Germany. Of course, it looks like wasting a heap of good fertilizer in these high priced times, but war must cost money and we must expect to loose a good deal of velerable material.

Cocky Bruin was a-tellin me that Germany is on her last pegs (I ain't sure what he means by pegs) and that the loss of these fifty men will no doubt end the war. I was gol durned glad to hear that. If the loss of one bum can bring about the peacefulable settlement of this awful slather we should thank our stars and shake each other's hands. Cocky is a good skoller and his opinion is to be listened to with respect. He is a graduate of the Lima High Skool being the only poopil that ever completed the hole corse. He says that one more explosion like that will change the hole map of Yourip. That means more geggerflies for the kids at skool. My leven boys have all used the same book and I was rejoicing that I had kept the expense down so low when Cocky must break in with that sad news that the hole map of Yourip must be changed. War, like everyding else, has its bad side and Bill Deutsch is no man to complain.. But it does look that the fellers could have their fight without interfeering with the skool books of Vergil.

Still I ain't goin to complain.. The old book is getting purdy thin and the kivver is kinder gree-sy. But when war gets to interfeering with the old Vergil skool I feel like gettin in the harness and likken the darned bunch. But with fifty of her fighting men blown to attics it looks like the profercy of Cocky Bruin, skoller, would come true. Let me know if the guverment needs any more bums and if it do I will try to get a carload reddy if it akes the hole perlice forse of Vergil to do it.

Not because I want to lick the Germans but because I want to make Vergil a sootable place to reside.

Yours trooly  
Bill Deutsch, Pacifist.  
(Sometimes.)

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### Logic Students, Attention!

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2 — a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also — total 16.

We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total would be 90.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82 — total 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812 the total would be 893?

I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam and Adam 8124 Eve — total 8,938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve — total 82,056.

E. L. G.

### He's Been at the Front.

The hobo knocked at the back door and the lady of the house appeared.

"Lady," he said, "I was at the front — "

"You poor man," she exclaimed, "One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food, and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches. I was at the front — "

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked, but I couldn't make nobody hear, so I came around to the back."

### A Tragedy in three Acts.

Act I.

Bull and two Matadors.

Act II.

Bull and one Matador.

Act III.

Bull.

### Some Spasm.

Six students silently sneaked secret smokes six successive seconds. Said students say some squeeler snitched.

Since six students silently secured secret smokes six successive seconds, same six students spend sixty seconds seven suns successively, silently sauntering sunny sidewalks.

"Some severe sentence," say sympathizing students.

M. Lause, '18.

### What a Shame.

Wife (disgustedly) — "Drunk again?"

Holthouse (cheerfully) — "Hic, so am I."



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### Back to Life.

"Ah," exclaimed Dr. Everglades rubbing his hands, "he's coming out of the spindrim gas splendidly. The light of intelligent recognition is in his eyes, gentlemen — I feel that the operation has been successful."

The doctors in the encircling seats, for whose instruction the great Everglades had undertaken the delicate and extremely hazardous operation of removing a portion of Apfel Strudel's wuxpannum and sewing it to his twidjix, leaned forward breathlessly as Apfel Strudel sat up on the operating table and looked about him dazedly. For six years a victim of aphasia, his memory had been completely gone.

"Who—where am I?" he murmured jaxtrously.

"You are Apfel Strudel, Apfel Strudel, Apfel Strudel," Dr. Everglades pronounced slowly and distinctly. "You have been operated upon because you completely forgot your name, the members of your family, and everything about yourself except your mealtimes."

Apfel Strudel nodded vaguely.

"That's so — I'm Apfel Strudel. — Apfel Twoxberry Strudel. And you say I have a family?"

"You have a wife," replied Dr. Everglades. Don't you remember, her name is Henrietta and she weighs 300 pounds. And you have eleven children that you can now begin to support again and also a mother-in-law."

Apfel Strudel's face lighted up with dark recognition, and then darkened like a thundercloud.

"And I had the good luck to forget and you deliberately dragged me back again? Take that — and that — and that!"

And leaping up he seized the operating table and broke it into a hundred pieces over the great doctor's head, and fled out into the night never to return.

### Easily Solved.

The banqueter let himself in noisily, and then began to growl and swear at a fearful rate down in the hall.

"What's the matter," called his wife.

"Matter ish," the banqueter called back, "there's two hat racks down here, and I — hic — dunno which t'hang my hat on!"

His wife laughed and said in soothing tones: "But, dear, you've got two hats, haven't you? Hang one on each rack and come up to bed. I know you're tired.

Spike held her hand and she held hiz'n  
And then they hugged and went to kiz'n  
They didn't know her pa had riz'n  
Madder'n hops and simply siz'n  
And really 'tis'n right to liz'n  
But Spike got hiz' and went a whiz'n.

### Oh — — Hermiller.

R. Lang — Say, O'Brien, who's that big section boss?

O'Brien — Who do you mean?

R. Lang — Oh that guy that's collecting money for the H. N. S.

When a report reached St. Joe that a German submarine struck a mine and all were lost, the Cheer wrote to J. H. Antony at Cincinnati, requesting him to write a few verses "In Memoriam". He submitted the following:

De mortuis nihil nisi bonum,  
Requiescant in pace, too,  
O tempora, O mores, such is life,  
A mine got the whole darn crew.

Shroeder — Bomholt always looks at the bright side of everything."

Schnitz — "Why?"

Schroeder — "Well the other day I went with him to buy a pair of shoes. He didn't try them on at the store, and when he got home he found that a nail was sticking right up through the heel of the one."

Schnitz — "Did he take them back?"

Schroeder — "Not much. He said he supposed the nail was put there intentionally to keep the foot from sliding forward in the shoe."

There was once a young chemistry tough,  
Who while mixing some newfangled stuff,  
Began to smile, and after a while,  
They picked up a collar and cuff.

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Ralph Annen has enlisted in the Navy.  
Bert Cavanaugh is Captain of a submarine Chaser  
at Sioux Sault Marie.  
Geo. Annen is a student at Yale University.  
Clarence Rumely visited St. Joe last Sunday.  
Dr. Pulskamp and wife visited their son at St Joe  
last Sunday.  
Tom Corbett is working in the oil wells at Eldora-  
do Springs, Kansas.  
James Stewart is working in Columbus, O., 294  
King Ave.  
Maurice Vander Haeghen is attending Purdue Uni-  
versity, 322 Waldron St., West Lafayette, Ind.  
Carl Cron is about to take up the study of Avi-  
ation at Celina. He made a trial flight last month.  
Mr. Perry and Family of Fowler, Ind. were the  
guests of Roland Perry and the Payne boys of  
their acquaintance, Sunday.

DR. A. G. CATT, OPTOMETRIST,  
Rensselaer, Indiana.  
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Lawyer

Rensselaer, Ind.

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in his closed car.  
Phone 365 and 410. Rensselaer, Ind.

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largest sale ever held in this part of Indiana,  
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